A LETTER From PARIS, FROM Sir George Wakeman,

To his Friend Sir *W. S.* in *London.*

Dear SIR,

I Cannot but wonder at your Confidence, in ſtaying in *England* among the National *Betlem* of Reſolute *Hereticks*; for I think the people are all Mad, and reſolve to queſtion the integrity of the Saints, ſince they have Impeached the Juſtice: I hear with great trouble, that you have got your *Quietus eſt*, and have left the Woolpack, and thrown from your Shoulders that great Grievance of the Nation, Juſtice: You are no longer mounted like *Radamanthus* on the Bench, weighing the very eſſence of all Cauſes to a Mite, in the Golden Ballances of Judgement. I ſhould have taken you for *Juſtice* her ſelf, but they ſay She is Blind, and I am ſure you can ſee (as the old homely Proverb has it) *which ſide your Bread is Butter'd on.* Let ever one ſpeak as they find, I am ſure you dealt Juſtly by me, for I proteſt I am as Innocent as the Child that is unborn, and have been acquitted by the Law, and therefore if I pleaſed might return to *England*, but I have ſeveral Reaſons, beſt known to my ſelf, for my ſtaying on this ſide the Water: but *Mor blew*, 'tis not to Plot, I leave that to the *Jeſuits*, who are a ſort of people, I have nothing to do with: I cannot but remember your former Kindneſs, and having no other means, as the *French* Proverb has it, *Je vous paye en Monnoye de Cordelier*, I will pay you with Thanks and Prayers; And I hope to ſee you again Triumphant with the Purſe in your Hand: But in the mean time, I Invite you to *Paris*, I think it would be a great deal of Prudence to ſhun the Storm that is like to blow from *Oxford*, about the 21th. of *March* next, as I find predicted by ſeveral Judicious *Aſtrologers*: Here you will be out of Harms way, and who knows but you may become at *Paris* as famous for Law and Juſtice, as I am grown for Phiſick, I am in great practice, and live like my ſelf: I have lately purchas'd the Receipts of Madam ——— of her Heirs, at the value of 300 Piſtols, in which I have found out the Quinteſſence of Poyſons, a Secret I much ſtudied all my Life. I have alſo here met with a *Jew*, and a Diſguiſed *Banian*, who came lately out of the Great *Moguls* Territories, both which, have furniſhed me with moſt choice Druggs, not to be had in *Spain* or *Italy*. I will ſhortly ſend you a pair of perfum'd Gloves, to preſent your Enemies with, never fear the Operation, the Effluvia ſhall blaſt like the Peſtilence, and at ſeveral Leagues diſtance. Every man according to his Calling, for *Medicina eſt ſcientia Inſalubrium*, as well as *Salubrium*, and is *Adjectio* and *Subſtractio*, to Kill *Secundum Artem* requires as much Skill, as to cure, and we are moſt uſeful either way among Mortals. By *Æſculapius* the Bearded Son of *Apollo*, I cannot refrain Excurſions in my own Element, but I hope you will pardon me, and for that I muſt enquire after the ſtate of your Body. It is my Opinion, that this Air will be much more agreeable to your Conſtitution, than that of *London*. The Spring is now coming on, and the latter end of *March*, or the beginning of *April*, will be a moſt Seaſonable time to move your Body, but I beſeech you, not to take any *Parlimentary* Pills, they have too much *Colecinthida* in them,

them, and will work too violently; you have but a tender Body, none knows so well your constitution as my self. I wish I could Inspect your Water, if it be bloody it is an ill sign. I think the *Spaw* or the Waters of *Burbone*, would be proper for you. I desire you will be pleased to remember me to my old Friend, with whom sometimes we used to Dust it; but especially to old Father *J. S.* you know he is a close man, and first brought us together, I wonder where he hides these dangerous times, bid him beware of the 300, and then let the 8000 go whistle; you are acquainted with my *Cypher*: pray let me have a Letter from you as soon as you can, either by the ordinary *Post*, or by *Monsieur Pritchant*, whom I shortly expect, and who has orders to wait on you before he comes away. I am

SIR,

Your highly oblieged Friend,

and most Humble Servant,

G. W.

Paris, Feb. 25. *New Stile.*

Postscript.

Just as I had concluded, in comes Monsieur Pompone, *my good Friend, who tells me, That though you sit not on the Bench, you still stand in the Cabinet; and though you plead not at the Bar, you give* Chamber-Council; *I am glad of it with all my heart; but that wise Man bid me tell you, that you should Lash the Wheels of your Chariot, they are too much Oyl'd, and run like* Jehu's, *and that you use the Whip of* Zeal, *till you have jaded your Horses* Reason *and* Judgement, *who have drawn up hill so hard, that they are become blind: He bids me also put you in mind of an* Italian *saying*, Piu tosto tardi, che in fretta: *Take Breath, be rather late, than do your business in hast: I advise you therefore, to get an hold-fast, that you loose not Ground, such as Wains have when they draw up a steep hill, that keeps them from running backward, when they are at a stand, and the* Horses *take Breath. The King of* France *his Bitt-maker, has promised me an exact pattern of a* Parlimentary Snaffle *and Cavason, which I will send over to you, for I understand that the* French *Gag which the Earl of* D. *had got, is broke: This is an Excellent device, I assure you, for the* French *King has more than one* Parliament *in his Kingdom, and by this means he has made them as gentle as Asses, and without either mincing or braying, carry his Edicts thorow all his large Territories. He makes no Requests,* Sic volo sic Jubeo, *is all the Language he uses; I am much in Love with his Government, and may shortly send you some of his policies. Be careful of your health this* Spring, *and have a care of changing the Air, unless in* France; *Farewel,*

G. W.

FINIS.

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